

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 991

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 991 – Nick's breathing was warm and even, and Khloe's fingers gently combed

through his hair again and again, as if soothing a tired child.

Time passed unknowingly, until the sky outside had darkened completely.

Only then was the door to the hospital room nudged open slightly.

Arista had been worried since Khloe hadn't emerged for so long, but when she peeked in, she saw Khloe sitting still on the bed, holding Nick. After a moment, she quietly closed the door and slipped away.

The next day at noon, Khloe awoke to find herself on the small companion bed beside his, tucked under a blanket.

Noticing that Nick's bed was empty, her heart jumped, and she quickly climbed out. Just then, the door opened—Nick walked in, accompanied by his personal assistant carrying two trays of steaming breakfast.

"You're awake already? Didn't sleep well last night, did you?" Nick approached quickly.

He had changed out of his hospital gown into a crisp white shirt, the collar slightly open, with a large black suit jacket draped over his shoulders. Aside from a noticeable thinness, his complexion looked much improved.

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"Where did you go? Why didn't you rest..." Khloe's worry spilled out.

"I'm fine," he replied. "I just went to handle the discharge paperwork. Mom and the others went back first. We'll leave after you've eaten."

Seeing her anxiety, Nick moved closer and took her hand. The IV was still taped to his arm, and a fresh bruise marked the back of his hand—he had only recently had it removed.

"How can you be discharged now... this isn't wise," Khloe protested.

"This place isn't restful, and I don't want you suffering alongside me. I've spoken with the doctors—getting injections at home will be the same."

Nick stopped her mid-sentence. She fretted, but he remained calm, handling the moment as if it were no concern of his own. He opened one of the breakfast boxes, serving her first.

Khloe paused, then murmured, "Then I'll check with the doctors..."

"I want to see the aurora," he said suddenly, his voice firm, cutting her off.

"The aurora?"

"Yes. I want to see the aurora with you. I want to see the grandest starry skies, the snow-capped-mountains, deserts, rainforests... I want to see with you every place we've never been

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Nick spoke slowly, deliberately, and as he finished, he placed the steaming bowl in front of her. The aroma of fresh meat porridge curled in the air between them.

The warm steam brushed against Khloe's face, making her eyes glisten with tears. "Okay, I'll go with you. When you're well, we'll go anywhere you want Not just those places-anywhere you dream of, I'll go with you."

"I don't want to wait. I want to go now," Nick said with a smile, lifting the spoon to her lips.

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Khloe froze, pushing his hand gently away. "We can't... Your condition—" "The doctors told me... six months," he murmured, lowering his gaze. He blew on the porridge, stirring it gently. Khloe's expression changed sharply. Her phone buzzed. It was a message from Arista.

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Nick had already arranged for the medical team to complete the discharge early this morning. For both of them, the most important thing now was each other. Khloe wasn't ready to give up, and Nick didn't want to waste any time in the hospital.

"Six months is plenty. That's enough time for me to do in a few months what others might never do in a lifetime. I'm content," he said.

"Nick, I told you—"

"I just want to be willful this once," he said.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 992

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 992 - Khloe fell silent.

She studied Nick closely. His complexion had indeed improved since yesterday, but the improvement carried a faint strain, as if he were forcing himself to appear stronger than he truly felt.

The two sat quietly for a moment.

Khloe cupped his hand, lowered her head, and gently took the spoon of porridge he offered. She met his deep, ocean-like eyes as she swallowed.

The bowl was soon empty, and Nick handed her a tissue to wipe her lips.

They spoke no more. Nick simply held her hands tighter, observing her face

with careful attention, and pressed a soft kiss to her forehead before drawing her into his embrace.

By midday, his assistant had packed up their things. As Khloe was about to request another meeting with the attending doctor, Nick stopped her.

Back at the residence, the Hunt family had composed themselves and arranged a lavish family meal. Nick had already discussed his plans with Arista, who, understanding him better than anyone, agreed to convey his wishes to the rest of the family.

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The agreement was clear: no one would mention treatment during the meal. After dinner, the Hunt family would return home, allowing Nick and Khloe to remain in Swinterland for a few days to stabilize his care. The rest of his days would be lived without regret—but if family support was needed, they would always be there.

George had initially objected. In his view, Nick's responsibilities extended far beyond his own happiness: he carried the expectations of family and the future of the enterprise. Until the final moment, he should actively seek treatment. Even with only six months left, he shouldn't claim it entirely for himself.

But Arista was firm, and Loretta silently sided with her. Nick was young and had endured more than enough. Now, a little selfishness was not only understandable, it was necessary. As his family, it was time to let go and let Nick make his own choices.

At the dinner table, every face bore strain. Loretta kept her head bowed, tears welling repeatedly. George and Leon looked equally burdened. Even Arista, smiling and speaking comforting words, could not lift the weight in the room.

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That afternoon, Nick would receive treatment at home. Arista, knowing he did not want the family to see him weak, left in advance.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 993

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 993 – Khloe didn't say a word and walked straight into the bedroom.

Several medical staff were still inside, monitoring Nick's vitals. He sat sideways on the edge of the bed, an IV needle in his forearm, receiving medication. His other hand still held his phone.

Khloe's phone vibrated—Nick was calling her.

She had been out delivering things for a long time, and his calls had kept going straight to busy. Naturally, he was a little worried.

"I'm back."

Khloe relaxed the crease between her brows, smiling softly as she walked over. She looped her arm around his free side and took the phone from him. Nick's gaze stayed fixed on her. "Where were you so long?"

“Sending your family off.”

“You’ve been on the phone with someone this whole time?” Nick’s voice was low as he leaned closer, brushing near her lips.

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“Charlotte called—there were some company problems that needed my input. It took a bit longer than expected.”

Khloe finished without giving him a chance to question her, turning it around immediately:

“So now I’m under strict husband supervision? And just a little delay gets me scolded?”

Her tone carried teasing, her eyes crinkling with a playful smile.

The curiosity in Nick’s eyes instantly vanished. His voice hardened slightly, deliberately serious.

“From now on, I’ll be unreasonable. Your time belongs to me.”

“I haven’t agreed yet. If something happens at the Morrison Group, I might have to leave you and go back...”

“No.”

For once, Nick was domineering. His voice deepened, his eyes darkened with a rare intensity, not playful at all—utterly serious.

“No?”

“No. Even if it’s something earth-shattering, whether it’s the Morrison Group or my family... now, nothing is more important than you and me.”

Nick leaned closer, his last words clipped through gritted teeth, his exhalation trembling as he pressed a gentle kiss to the corner of her lips.

Khloe smiled, teasing, “Nick, if I’d known you were this self-centered, I wouldn’t have dared marry you.”

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“Too late for regrets now.”

He pulled her firmly into his embrace with one arm.

The people in the room quietly retreated to the doorway, understanding it was not their place to stay.

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Late into the night, Khloe slowly opened her eyes. Under the effect of the medication, the person beside her slept soundly. She carefully sat up, moving Nick’s arm off her shoulder. By the faint moonlight, she kissed the line of his brows

The call from the attending doctor that day had given her a glimmer of hope. Their hospital was part of a global network conducting high-level

drug trials. One secret extract verified by Naraida authorities, was called T7.

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T7 could precisely target tumor cells. It was the only chance for a late-stage reversal of cancer spread.

Khloe recalled the doctor's words, "Khloe, T7 is an international bio research secret. Our institution only has access because of a military contract with Naraida. You must keep this confidential."

"Thank you. So... if we get T7, Nick could be saved?" Her eyes lit up.

The doctor's voice came back in her memory.

"Well... it's possible. If you're lucky and have the supporting pharmaceutical technology, yes."

"Technology?"

"T7 has a fatal flaw. Its half-life is extremely short. Once it leaves ultra-low temperatures, the entire preparation process must be completed within four

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hours, or its activity is completely lost."

"Four hours?"

"Yes. And the preparation requires a very specialized encapsulation technique. This ensures T7 is delivered precisely, avoids immune clearance, and controls release speed to maximize treatment effectiveness."

Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 994

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 994 – The Morrison Group was a pharmaceutical giant, holding many of the country's top-tier patents.

Khloe knew exactly how difficult the technology the doctor mentioned would be. Across the entire nation, even if similar technology existed, it was far from being practically applied—and the cost would be astronomical.

Still, the doctor pointed out a narrow path.

"This technology isn't available at our hospital. Internationally, only two institutions possess it—but both are military organizations, and neither grants external access."

Although the attending physician promised to try to secure T7 for Nick, Khloe had to ensure that Morrison Group actually possessed this technology.

Otherwise, the risk would be meaningless.

Even though hope seemed to slip away again, Khloe was deeply grateful that the doctor was willing to risk it for Nick's chance at life.

Perhaps George was right—fate had brought them this far, always falling just

short. Yet, even this sliver of hope kept Khloe awake through the night. She could not bring herself to give up.

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It had to be completed within four hours... Four hours.

Her mind suddenly jumped to the specialized pharmaceutical technology left behind by Winnie's mother—a method for preserving drug efficacy. Khloe remembered hearing Winnie mention it: this technology had been iterated several times, secretly co-developed by Winnie's mother with multiple international institutions.

As the lead researcher, Winnie's mother had contributed the foundational framework, then returned home to update the technique herself. Her work had even been restricted by several countries for violating agreements.

Back then, Winnie had used her mother's old patent to easily resolve Michael's impoundment in Naraida. Khloe recalled Michael saying the old patent was highly effective at maintaining the activity of cell extracts.

At that moment, the email Khloe had requested arrived. She opened it and saw that her memory had been correct: the technology patented by Winnie's mother was exactly the one the doctor had mentioned—they had the exact technology they needed.

The only difference was timing: Winnie's mother's previous method required about five hours. The latest technique, entrusted to the Olson family at her death, remained shrouded in secrecy. Naraida's military had already developed a four-hour process, but they still wanted to compare it with Winnie's mother's latest method.

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Maybe... there was a real chance.

Khloe's heart nearly skipped a beat. She grabbed her phone and immediately dialed Winnie.

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The next morning, in Goldmont City.

At the entrance of Olympus, Veronica and others were in the lounge, scrolling through the news on their phones.

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These past few days, Goldmont City seemed poised for upheaval.

Morrison Group and Hunt Group

stocks were tumbling, and Hunt Group's projects were on the verge of stalling. Business media outlets, as if on cue, were all publishing negative forecasts.

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Veronica glanced at the reports and smirked. "Looks like Olympus is really targeting the Morrison and Hunt Groups."

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Although Goldmont City's shifting landscape could affect the Olson family to some degree, it was nothing compared to the opportunities ahead. Ever since Khloe rose to power, the relationship between Morrison Group and the Olson family had been at an impasse.

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Back when the Olson family had supported Clarice, their position was secure. But now that Clarice had fallen, if the Morrison and Hunt Groups came to dominate Goldmont City, the Olson family would have no foothold. Fortunately, Olympus had arrived, clearly aiming to take a slice of Morrison Group's market. While other enterprises in Goldmont City remained on the sidelines, the Olson family had no choice—they had to act fast. And their greatest leverage now was the specialized technology left behind by Winnie's mother. The technology was held by a foundation, and the patent would only revert to the Olson family if Winnie officially lost her inheritance rights.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 995

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 995 - The Olson family had always used the patent as an excuse, refusing to sell it to foreign powers—but in truth, it was out of self-interest. They hoped to leverage this top-tier technology to attract investment and eventually surpass the Morrison Group.

Yet, a hot potato is still a hot potato. The Olson family had underestimated just how difficult it would be to control the patent. Revoking Winnie's inheritance was one thing, but multiple factions had been watching him for years. Any move involving this technology could spell disaster for their company—and the consequences were unimaginable, perhaps even unmanageable.

Over time, the Olson family gradually realized the truth. Perhaps Winnie's

mother hadn't entrusted them out of trust at all; perhaps she had been using them. After all, Winnie was an orphan with broken wings. Even inheriting her mother's legacy, she might not have survived.

Now, with the Morrison and Hunt Groups controlling the economic power of all Goldmont City, and Michael protecting Winnie, waiting any longer would be dangerous. Not only could her inheritance slip from their grasp, but the patent itself might also be claimed by her. Without Olympus's arrival, the Morrison Group would have inevitably seized Winnie's mother's patent.

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Veronica's father refused to let years of careful planning go to waste. He could not accept Khloe and Winnie so brazenly defying them.

Veronica herself was practically burning with fury. Watching Khloe's wedding had nearly driven her mad. The entire Morrison Group had been deceived by Khloe's fake facade—but why, of all people, was Nick fooled too?

A man as perfect as Nick—why would he pick Khloe over Michelle and her? And Winnie—just thinking about her made Veronica seethe. That wretched girl, thinking she could rise through Khloe, was living in a dream.

But now, with Olympus's appearance, Khloe and Winnie's golden days were coming to an end.

Just as Veronica was lost in thought, her father was escorted back into the lounge. Her eyes lit up as she rushed to him. "Dad, how is it?"

Her father's expression was grave. "We'll talk at home."

Veronica nodded.

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She had always been the family's little princess, unwilling to meddle in business matters. But when she learned that Winnie had passed.

Morrison Group's evaluation, her competitive streak flared. If Winnie could prove herself, why couldn't she become the richest person in Goldmont City?

Seeing Veronica ready to shoulder responsibility, Mr. and Mrs. Olson felt reassured. Mr. Olson even began grooming her to take over company affairs, gradually helping him share the burden.

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"Who's really behind Olympus? Are they really from the Yustonia royal family?" Veronica asked, noticing a trace of melancholy on her father's face.

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Her heart skipped a beat.

He sighed. “I only met a manager in person, but I spoke briefly over the phone with the person behind Olympus. They’re well aware that I have something they need. It’s just...”

“Don’t they want to cooperate with us?” Veronica asked in surprise. Could the rumors be false? Was Olympus not here to target the Morrison Group?

“It’s not that they don’t want to cooperate—it’s conditional,” her father said.

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He planned to rely on Olympus’s backing to secure the patent in his hands. If successful, both sides would win: the Olson family could rise again, even surpass the Morrison and Hunt families, reshaping Goldmont City’s economic landscape. But if there was risk, he could withdraw unscathed, protecting his own family.

The problem was, Olympus had anticipated him. They weren’t interested in a simple deal—they wanted the Olson family to bet everything they had.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 996

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 996 – “But how could we possibly get Winnie to voluntarily give up her inheritance?”

Veronica felt that Olympus’s people were deliberately making things difficult. Right now, the Olson family was only temporarily holding Winnie’s mother’s patent. And the Morrison Group was still protecting Winnie, so they couldn’t openly or secretly touch her.

By contrast, Olympus, as a third party, was openly competing with Morrison Group. Taking the patent from Winnie would have been a trivial task for them. Yet, Olympus deliberately insisted that while they were eager to cooperate with the Olson family, the patent didn’t belong to them. It left the Olsons in an incredibly awkward position.

Veronica’s frustration boiled over, but her father saw things clearly. “Olympus isn’t harmless. If we want to get on their ship, we have to play by their rules.”

“They haven’t even established a foothold yet—what nerve!” Veronica frowned in displeasure, but her father had already dialed the phone, instructing his people to arrange a meeting with Winnie.

“So we just compromise like that? That girl isn’t easy to deal with. If we come across too eager, what if she manipulates us?” Veronica complained.

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“Being difficult doesn’t matter. As long as the benefits are enough, she’ll say yes eventually,” her father said calmly.

“Bowing to her? Then we might as well not cooperate with Olympus at all!” Seeing her stubbornness, her father smiled faintly and patted her shoulder gently. He knew exactly how much she despised Winnie. He had no intention of giving Winnie any advantage. But to truly crush someone, you didn’t need to rush. Patience mattered more than the immediate moment.

“As long as we secure the patent, we’re the ones in control. Whether or not we cooperate with Olympus, our interests are protected. Winnie’s mother left behind the most valuable thing—that patent. After that, if we work with Olympus to take down the Morrison Group, how hard could it be to deal with one beaten dog?”

Her father’s words immediately eased Veronica’s frustration. He really had foresight. Winnie was nothing. Without the Morrison Group’s protection, she couldn’t reclaim her mother’s legacy. Once the Morrison Group fell, handling her would be effortless.

Thinking this through, Veronica relaxed a little. Leaning into her father’s arm, she pouted, “Well, I’m definitely not bowing to her.”

Her father looked at her indulgently. “You don’t need to get involved. I promise, no one will make my little girl suffer.”

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By evening, Winnie arrived at the Olson family’s newly opened luxury hotel, wearing a simple Chanel suit. She walked in alone.

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The staff had been waiting. Her adoptive father had booked the top-floor revolving restaurant exclusively for her, no other guests were being admitted.

Winnie never lifted her head, her eyes glued to her phone.

Even when she was led to the private dining room and seated, she didn’t glance at anyone.

Both her adoptive parents were present, and several assistants and executives stood nearby—but none were seated, all merely attending.

When Winnie entered, her adoptive parents rose to greet her, but she acted as if she didn’t see them and simply sat down.

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They exchanged a glance, both displeased but unsurprised. They knew her temper too well rude arrogant, and consistently indifferent to appearances in any situation.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 997

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 997 – Winnie didn't even bother showing the least bit of respect toward the Olsons, who had raised her.

“Winnie, why don't you greet us? Still sulking?”

Mrs. Olson smiled gently, sliding into the seat beside her. She poured a cup of steaming tea and placed it carefully in front of Winnie.

“Sulking? Why would I be angry with you?”

At Mrs. Olson's words, Winnie finally lowered her phone slowly. She glanced at the cup, at the delicate, lavish appetizers and pastries on the table, and allowed the faintest curve to her lips.

She was no longer at the age where she could be trapped by childish resentment toward the Olson family. Human nature was ugly, and holding grudges against them would only keep her stuck in the same world of pettiness.

Now, she had only one thought: reclaim what was rightfully hers.

Khloe had already contacted her yesterday. Things on Nick's side were grim, and only Mrs. Olson's patent could help. Since it concerned Khloe, she

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couldn't shirk the responsibility. And, after all, the Olson family should have returned her inheritance long ago.

“It's good that you're not angry,” Mrs. Olson said with a knowing smile, letting it pass without argument. “How have you been these past few days? I hear Oscar has approved your marriage with Michael, and you've passed the assessment at Morrison Group. Looks like all our worries were unnecessary—you've truly grown up.”

“We've all spent so many years together, and today, there's no one else here. Just drop the pretense.”

Winnie exhaled lightly and cast a sidelong glance at Mrs. Olson. Mrs. Olson's lips pressed into a polite smile, maintaining a decorum that never faltered.

Mr. Olson raised his hand, and the rest of the staff in the room quietly withdrew, leaving only the three of them. He finally spoke.

“Winnie, I know you feel hostility toward us now. But your mother and I were once close friends. Even if you have had misunderstandings about us in the past, I hope you can consider our relationship with your mother and the years we raised you, and leave the past behind.”

“Not serving the food yet? Weren't you inviting me to dinner? I'm hungry.”

Before Mr. Olson could finish, Winnie picked up her fork and snagged a piece of beef rib from the plate in front of her.

Her casual, defiant attitude jumped straight into their nerves. Yet today, their tolerance for her was unusually high.

Mr. and Mrs. Olson exchanged a quick look, then Mrs. Olson served Winnie

some food. Mr. Olson pressed the call button on the side of the table.

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“Bring the rest of the dishes out,” he said.

“Eat up. Today, everything on the table is what you like,” Mrs. Olson added gently.

Winnie met her warm gaze but couldn’t bring herself to smile. She’d underestimated just how far they were willing to bend.

Truth be told, she’d already figured out the real reason behind the Olsens’ flashy invitation. It was exactly what Khloe had suspected.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 998

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 998 – Winnie shot Mrs. Olson a cool, dismissive remark.

Mrs. Olson didn’t miss a beat. She just smiled warmly. “That came out of nowhere. We’re family. Honestly, the friction between you and Veronica over the years—that was on us as parents. So here’s what I’ll do. I’ll give you a black card, no limit, half yours. Use it at any Olson family store. That should put your mind at ease, don’t you think?”

Mr. Olson’s face darkened, but when Mrs. Olson laid down the law like that, he quickly pulled out his phone and made it happen.

“Winnie, is there anything else you need? Just say the word. Your wedding’s coming up. You’re our daughter—whatever you want for your wedding gift, name it.”

“No, thank you,” Winnie said, smiling at how ridiculous this all was. She puffed out her cheeks, chewing slowly, and only after a long moment swallowed everything in her mouth.

The food was delicious. Too bad she was stuck with the wrong company. Her appetite had hit its limit.

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“Don’t be shy,” Mrs. Olson said, mistaking Winnie’s silence for modesty. Her tone grew even warmer. “You’re getting married before Veronica. We have to make the wedding gift generous, or our family loses face.”

But Winnie wiped her mouth, and her next words froze Mrs. Olson’s smile solid.

“Forget the wedding gift. What I want is for Veronica to come here, get on her knees in front of me, and confess every single time she bullied me growing up.”

The room went icy silent. Mr. Olson’s face paled, his hand slammed the table with a loud thud.

Mrs. Olson regained her composure and curled her lips into a careful smile.

She knew that a demand—any demand—was still better than none. It left room to negotiate.

“Winnie, you’re close to the Morrison family now, but can they protect you forever? They aren’t omnipotent, neither is the Hunt family. And now that Khloe and Nick are out of the country, do you think Khloe even has the time or mind to look after you?”

Mrs. Olson’s voice was warm with concern, but beneath the surface, it carried a clear threat.

“Enough,” Winnie said, her eyes steady. She slammed the documents onto the table. “I renounce all my other property. I only want this patent. I’m being more than reasonable.”

A tense silence filled the room.

Mrs. Olson’s harsh expression softened. She didn’t want to waste more words—the girl wasn’t budging.

Mr. Olson sneered. “So you’ve decided to go against us completely?”

“Looks like you never intended to genuinely return my things,” Winnie shot back. She rose to leave.

“Winnie.” Mr. Olson’s voice darkened. “Do you really think you can walk out of here?”

Her steps faltered.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1000

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1000 – The moment Winnie finished speaking, Mrs. Olson tapped the call button on the table twice.

The private dining room doors swung open, and people rushed in from outside, immediately surrounding Winnie.

A man grabbed her arm tightly. She struggled, but with her strength, she was powerless. Her glare shot straight to Mr. Olson.

“You forged the agreement. What else do you want now?” she spat.

Mrs. Olson chuckled softly. “Isn’t it obvious? You’re married. If you secretly do something underhanded against the Morrison family, you’d be violating the agreement.”

“No one will believe your twisted schemes. I’ll call the police—”

“Believe it or not, it doesn’t matter. As long as we create the facts, you’ll be seen as violating the agreement. Besides, with your reputation, how many people would believe you? Even if Michael trusted you, where’s the evidence?” Mrs. Olson’s laugh turned cold and sharp.

Winnie instinctively reached for her phone. No signal.

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From the moment she arrived, they had planned for this.

“Don’t waste your energy, Winnie,” Mrs. Olson said, taking a sip of tea. Her gaze flicked to the diamond-studded watch on her wrist, a self-satisfied smirk curling her lips. “No one ever taught you to be careful. You knew this was a trap. Why did you come so confidently?”

They knew exactly what Winnie was: a spoiled heiress, used to being coddled, quick-tempered, impulsive, and—frankly—out of her depth. They had tracked her every move, making sure she came alone. And Michael was out of Goldmont City today, accompanying Oscar on a trip.

Winnie was completely trapped. No evidence—no matter how widely known the abuse—meant they faced no real consequences.

With Khloe and Nick out of Goldmont City, smoothing things over would be effortless.

Mrs. Olson raised her hand, signaling the men to move.

But Mr. Olson spoke again. “Winnie, for the sake of our past as father and daughter, I’ll give you one last chance.

1”If you agree to give up this patent, I’ll give you the fund your mother left. You can take the money and live a peaceful life with Michael, Isn’t that enough?”

He slowly stepped toward her, a businessman’s instinct to leave a path of compromise showing faintly on his face.

As soon as he neared, Winnie spat at him with full force.

“Dream on. This patent will never—ever—fall into the hands of the two of you. Even if I die.”

Mr. Olson tilted his head slightly and wiped his cheek like it was nothing.

Mrs. Olson’s anger flared. She slammed the table. “What are you waiting for? Move.”